

Boston, August 10, 1852.

W.P. Garrison
My Dear Son:

For the last ten days, the weather has been hot and sultry, without any intermission, accompanied with heavy showers and an unusual amount of thunder and lightning. If it has been the same with you, then you and the boys must have found pedestrianizing any thing but pleasurable; unless, indeed, you took only the morning and the dewy eve to accomplish your walking tasks.

A week ago to-day, (Sunday,) I was at Pittsfield, and found it to be as beautiful and attractive as eye and heart could wish. I there met Professor Fowler, of Poughkeepsie, who, like myself, ^{was} on the way to Williamstown, to deliver one of the orations. Having nothing special to do, we went in the forenoon to Rev. Dr. Todd's church, but heard a stranger; and in the evening to the Episcopal church, and heard Dr. Huntington. Dr. H's sermon was very well written, but, as I know him to be a trimmer and a formalist, it was to me "as empty as the whistling wind." You know his style and manner. He is indulging in a little country recreation, and is looking sleek and in good condition. My aversion to a liturgy, with its responses, deepens every time I listen to it. The worship of God, as a set, mechanical, stereotyped observance, is to me nothing better than a solemn mockery; and it is sad to see so many otherwise sensible people who are duped by it.

I found Prof. Fowler to be a spiritualist, and also a medium. He says he sees and converses with spirits as readily as with any persons in the flesh; and that often, at night, they are so voluble around him, that he has to order them to "shut up," in order to get his needed repose! Webster, Choate, &c., are with him frequently.

Monday morning, the young student, Mr. G. C. Brown, whose home is in Pittsfield, and who engaged me to give the address before the Adelpbic Union Society, drove us to Williamstown, a distance of twenty-two miles, in a sort of barouche, with a fine span of horses. The scenery throughout was a continual blending of the sublime and the beautiful, and some of the views of a very enchanting kind. We enjoyed our ride to the full.

The day was one of the most sultry of the season. I gave my address in the afternoon, at 4 o'clock, occupying an hour and a half. It was listened to with unbroken interest, and occasionally applauded, (it was too grave and serious for much applause,) and was evidently well received. At the close of it, Professor Bascom (who introduced me) expressed his gratification, and said he endorsed every word of it. The audience was not very large, as twenty-five cents were asked for a ticket admitting the holder to both lectures. Hardly any of the Faculty were present, except Prof. Bascom. In the evening, Prof. Fowler gave his lecture, and spoke without manuscript or notes for nearly two hours and a half! His theme was "The Crisis," which he discussed with marked ability, and delivered with great energy and eloquence.

I have not seen, in any of the journals, any allusion made to our discourses. See what it is (not) to be popular!

Williamstown is charmingly located, nestling in the bosom of surrounding mountains, green and handsome to their summits.

I returned home Tuesday noon, and to my surprise found Franky, — his face in a battered condition, the result of being thrown from a wagon at Oakdale. It was a narrow escape for him. He could sympathize with Hub. and Benny, in the bruises they got from the accident at the well. We were all startled to think how near it came being fatal in their case, and earnestly hope there will be no permanent scars left. It must have been an occasion of great anxiety to you.

Your mother sighs for the time when you and Fanny will be added once more to the family circle, which seems so lonely without you, that Willie prefers to stay at Dorchester, rather than to be in the city. I need not say, that I share in your mother's desire in this particular, though not in her anxiety.

There is nothing new to communicate. As usual, up to this time, "all is quiet along the Potomac." Volunteering is going on rapidly in every part of the State, so that drafting will probably be required to a much less extent than was apprehended.

I send you a few papers, and enclose a few stamps.

Your mother, George and Franky send their warmest love.

George goes to Hopedale on Monday, 18th inst. We look for Fanny Saturday.

Your affectionate father, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Aug. 10 - 1862